GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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TELMS

WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

All communications should be addressed to KINNEY NICHOLS & CO., Springfield, Ohio.

MR. H. C. SSYDER, 23 Park Row, New York, i the titons-Enrish's special representative, to whom all Eastern advertising business, must be

CITY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Mayor: For City Solicitor: For City Marshal: For Street Commissioner:

TOWNSHIP REPUBLICAN TICKET

For Trustees: For Justice of the Peace:

For Treasurer:

The Chicago News has an average daily circulation of 122 000.

Liar in killing the peaches, this year.

An eminent scientist declares that man should cat when he is hungry. We had suspected as much.

author of the dialect poem, entitled: "Maso ob do Sheepfold," and we believe her.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette pov prices the portraits of the distinguished Democrats who didn't get into the cabinet

Group-Research in the only public journal that made no mistake in predict our a carried for Cleveland. It made no predictional

und not as a lecturer, hereafter. He has struck his true sait at last. But what will Joe Mulbatton say about it?

The work of counting the spoons will now begin at Washington .- Cincut ati Enquirer We knew the Democrats would hunt the soons the first thing. They have been

weeks yet." The Tribane must be right

as its editor and owner is a Presbyterian. Some people think the real counts in the ind ctment against Swaim were, first, that he was not a Westpoint man, and, second that he was an intimate triend of Garfield He was tound guilty on both counts and will be fortunate it he is not hanged before he gets through with the business.

Here is a gubernatorial suggestion, from

into a new residence on one of the pi turesque little avenues 1-di g off of Broad street, in the eastern part of Columbus, and his wife. who is very popular in society, has enterwind a given heal during the past winter. governor of this great State, Columbus people enthusiasm as their leader in society.

Correct. We could shout for Mrs. Nash

of the New York Tribune, in the follow-

The New York Tribune goes into 1885 with the largest circulation in ever enjoyed. During election were 914 miles of printing paper were consumed in striking off the vari-elt and of the wiek, or 24 tops in all. The number of copies printed and actually sold were 1,207, him. The Daily averaged 144 000 per day the Weekly was 165 910, exclusive show turn compelen selectiploss; the cur-Weekly was 38,300. The election exestement is now over, but the Tribune said removation the position it has won-of the

General J. M. Comis, of the Toledo Commercial Telegram, takes the same vice of the President's mangaral as that expressed

La Interested of President Cleveland is to be produced in promises civil acress others in verify, and the protection of freedomer's tighter it opposes the importation of turnign constant or purper labor; it must from the Motone Octron, jeckeys with the or in the administration of the affides of the

and flatelessus, with named-rable beavy comsition that is not invended to mean much,

ber, the inaccord is a fairly good streament. If Mr. Cevilland sticks to his text all the g , e will have done better than e expect of him. We protaise on our part to give him "a fair

That is the very least we can do. It may prove to be fair and yet pretty rough. That steps should be taken at once before it is too late.

LEGS.

The human leg is so common a blessing that, like the sunlight, and the atmosphere and cold water, and newspapers, its value is not fully appreciated, until it is disabled, or lost. Yet one leg, in itself, has but half a chance to demonstrate either its utility or beauty - for a pair of legs possesses, in a large degree, both these qualities, unless, unfortunately they are bowed, and it must be admitted that "bow-legs," even, are better than none. Legs have a high rank as useful members of the human frame, and there are in them possibilities of a sort of utility that are unknown and unenjoyed by multitudes of people. Usually a man knows that he can walk from his house to his shop, or office, or place of business, with his legs, and he knows nothing more and cares nothing more about them. He is ignorant of the important fact that he may cheat the period by a proper, sensible, scientific use of his legs! Walking is something more than putting one leg before the other, and and then the other before the one, and so getting over a certain portion of space. It may be made a most important factor in the preservation of health. Certainly so with men or women whose vocations do not afford them sufficient physical exer-Then there is something in

knowing how to walk. One should not fire himself off like a locotive and go steaming along at a furious rate, unless, indeed, he has a superabundance of vital energy and must work it off before he can get quieted down into a business frame of mind and body. Those who have too little vitality and who desire to increase it will find that they can do so by walking certain distances each day, quietly, quickening their pace as may seem necessary to put the blood in circulation, or "slowing up" when likely to become too much excited and too nervous. A good frame of mind is a requisite in such instances. One should be cheerful and even jolly when he eats, to get the best results from his food, and he should be in a corresponding condition when he walks. A like-minded companion is a useful and pleasant adjunct. What young man does not know that walking with his "girl" is one of the pleasantest and healthiest methods of physical exercise? But one cannot always secure so charming a companion, and so we must learn to trust to our own resources, and these are mental and moral as well as physical.

All people think they know how to walk, and most people are greatly mistaken in this. A good walker is rarely ound. Usually the veteran soldier is the best walker. He acquired in the service a swinging stride that got him over the ground rapidly and displayed grace and true manly force also. The exreise he had on the march hardened bis muscles and gave him the physical strength and vigor he needed in his campaigning The soldier with the good legs is the so fire. And the veteran of the Union army who passes along our streets now is the man of all others who excites admiration and commands respect by his "daily walk." We ought to make one exception, in favor of the graduate of West Point, whose walk illustrates the consummate flower of the poetry of pedestrianism.

Most assuredly, walking, of the right sort, is one of the very best methods of acquiring the best kind of physical exerise. There is always something to see, wherever one may go, to interest the eye and the mind, while the legs are doing their good work, so that one may get his egs well to going and then give himself up to the contemplation of the sights and studies that surround him. For the in tellect and the heart must aid the legs to ecure the best results. Men who use their heads in earning their daily bread are the men of all others who should use their legs also-wisely, judiciously, freely. We know a most distinguished journalist who makes a pedestrian tour of his town-which is not a small one-every day before he commences his diurnal task; and we believe that it is this tour that gives vigor and point to his paragraphs.

Then we should consider the aesthetic qualities of legs! A good leg is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," so long as would undonlinedly welcome Mrs. Nash with it lasts. About the best work of the sculptor, ancient and modern, is shown in the legs wrought out of marble or bronze. There is artistic elegance in a true leg, and it is a member of the human frame to a leg may be cultivated and improved, by physical exercise and training. The call may be developed and rounded and the member itself straightened and made imposing as well as graceful. Then the tailor who understands his high vocation and can make tronsers as they ought to be made, so that they will drape gracelully around the "lower limbs," can add greatly to the artistic effect of the legs. We call the attention of the members of our GLOBE REPUBLIC family to their legs. The average human being, male or temale, should make the best possible use of this important portion of the human frame, as a means of increasing his happiness and usetu ness and of lengthening his life.

> Daily Bee, of Tuesday, and the suggestions in the paragraph are as applicable here as in Toledo:

In a letter to a gentleman in Springfield, Ohio, the proprietors of the Oliver Carlled Plow Works state that it is true they contemplate removing from South Bend, adding that nothing definitive has been decided upon as yet. I Toledo business men have any enterprise whatever, here is an excellent opportunity for them to show it. Delay is dangerous. The accession of that interest would mean an increase of 5,000 or more to the population, while the ultimate gain is beyond essimate. Manufacturing interests make a city. Toledo can certainly make as

Beary Clay and Bowis-Interesting Rem-

To the Editor of the Globe-Republic Some time ago I saw in your paper an anecdote about Bowie and the cigar. The incident loses much of its interest by a change of characters. Henry Clay relates it as tollows: "I was going from Little Rock, Arkansas to the Mississippi river in a coach. On the back seat was a lady and her husband: on the front seat a small man and myself. At one of the stations a tall, brawny man took the middle seat, smoking a strong cigar. As he was puffing away the husband asked him politely to quit smoking, as it made his wife sick. He said, roughly: 'I will see you d-d first, and smoked the harder. Presently the husband again said: 'You must throw your cigar out, for my wife is getting deathly sick.' He answered with an oath: 'I paid my passage and will smoke as much as I please,' While I was debating whether to interfere or not the small man partly raised up, placed his hand on the back of his neck and drew (from its usual place) s large double-edged knife, and said: 'If that eight is not out of this coach in three seconds dector and even death itself for a long I will pass this right through your bowels. My name is James K. Bowie, The cigar went out and the small man sat down without another word. When I think of the action of that small man I feet like a coward." I read this incident in the Springfield REPUBLIC when John M. Gallager was editor and Benton Halsey and James Williamson were compositors. I think it was in 1840, for about that time in September was the grand Whig rally at Dayton. There were 200,000 people present. Many of them came from neighboring States and camped out. There were eight or ten stands erected, from which spoke such men as Clay, Tom Marshall, Crittenden, (I think Seward), Corwin, Schenck, General Anthony, and others. The delegation of Springfield and vicinity was over balf a

mile long. We had a grand old time. E. Y. GRIGGS.

ON A GATE POST.

CHAPTER I. Ambrose Nettleson has what he thinks s a valuable manuscript. He thinks so, doubtless, because it records a part of his life. One night recently, while was at his house, he brought out the manuscript and read it to me. Although I did not ask permission, yet I do not feel that I violate his confidence by giving, as nearly as I can remember the contents of the paper which he treasured with such affection: The prospect was not cheerful. 1

was riding a horse across a country whose loneliness was as deep as a sigh which bespeaks the long absence some one. Night was coming on and a storm was gathering its forces. A frightened owl flitted past me, scream ing in my face. The time of year was when nature hesitates whether to continue winter or begin spring. My horse almost shook me off when he stopped and shivered. The owl scream ed in my face again. Dead leaves, for a moment would whirl before me, and then fall, scattered and torn as though they had, by an angry hand, been swept from their long, damp rest, only to be mocked. "What a dreary, to be mocked. "What a dreary dreary place it is!" I mused. "I fee as though something terrible is going to happen. The air, just before the quivering in its desire to bear the sound of murder, murder! As I

ve, yonder is light. It is possible that I shall receive shelter?" Urging my horse forward, I soon eached a small house, near the summit of a desolate peak, overlooking the Arkansaw river. I dismounted near the door-there was no fence around he house. My horse ingly at me and without asking per-mission from any one within. I led the animal to a stable close at hand and took off saildle and bridle. As I was returning, the storm burst upon the river. When I approached the door, I heard a wail. I knocked and I heard i the wail coming slowly toward me. The door was opened by a girl scarcely more than twelve years old. Her face was the picture of despair. She said but pointed to a bed, upon which lay an old man, gasping for breath. Approaching him, I saw that he had but a few minutes to live. The girl knelt beside the old man tried to put his hand upon her head. e looked at me and I assisted Failing, h him. He tried to speak, but could not. The girl sobbed frantically. The

rain poured down and the storm shook "He will never get well!" she cried. 'My grandpa will die.'

Yes, her grandpa would die. His life and already passed away. The hand lying on her head was growing cold. she looked at him and shrieked. What a night we spent in that house.

The storm howled and the rain fell until nearly daylight. The girl, who I saw was intelligent, with an impressive face, said that her name was Munette Loggemon, and that since her earliest recollection she had lived with the old man who had spent the most of his time, since she had begun to talk, in teaching her. "I have no relatives," she said in an-

swer to a question.

"Any friends?"

"No friends." "You have neighbors?"

"None. The nearest house is nearly I knew not what to do. Surely the situation was serious. Early at morning, we buried the old man in the yard. As best I could, I made a coffin of a trough which I found in the stable. After the burial, I went out and found enough corn for my horse. I left Mu-nette at the grave, on which she had, sobbing bitterly, thrown herself.

"Where are you going, little girl?" I asked when I returned, still finding her on the grave. "How can I go anywhere?" she "I have no friends, I told

"You cannot remain here." "I cannot go away."
"I will not leave you here. You must

go with me. My mother has no little girt. She will receive you." Still lying on the grave, and without looking up, she replied: "I will go and work for my board."

"You will not have to work. When I tell my mother of the circumstances under which I found you, she will take ou in her arms. Come, get your dothes. It is time we were leaving ere. See, the sun is shining beautifully. It is a new day for you.'

Without replying, she arose and turned toward me. Her face, even aside from her grief, was so sad, and her eyes wore a look of such tender apneal that even though she had relative would have thought it my duty to take her home with me. She went into the house and soon returned with a smail bundle.

"I haven't much to take," she said. "Grandpa and I were very poor, and you see, having inherited his poverty, am poorer than ever." I was not surprised to hear her make such a remark, for I had discovered that she never associated with child-

ren and was consequently wise of he

"You shall have some nice dresses after a while," I replied. "Pretty red ones?"

The child was asserting itself. 'Yes, and blue ones.' horse-she seated behind me. As long

as we were within sight of the house she said nothing, but when we had descended into the thick woods, she

"I won't cry any more, if I can help "Your grandfather must have been

"Yes, but he made me read many books that were very dull-great law books. I don't like them. His eyes for many years have been so bad that I had to do all his reading for him. He wrote a book full of curious things and murders, but one day when he found me reading it, he took it away from me and burned it up. It must have been bad and he must have been sorry that he wrote it. What is your name?"

I told her, and expressed my surprise that she had not sooner asked me.
"It was your place to tell me without
my asking," she said. "When I told you my name, you should have told me yours. Don't you see?" I acknowledged the justice of her re-

The day passed rather pleasantly, with the exception of the influence of the night before, which naturally enough she could not dispel and which I could not keep from arising occasionally. We sat on a log and ate dinner, and Munette's remarks gave me additional insight into her close habit of observation. When evening came, we stopped at a farm house, where the sad story of the little girl awoke such symnathy that the kind-hearted house-wife begged me to allow the child to remain

with her. "It is a question that she must decide," I rejoined. "What do you say, Munette?'

"I am surprised that you should ask me such a question," she replied, approaching the chair where I sat and taking my hand. "Would it not be ungrateful in me to desert you so soon, or to ever desert you?"

"She's got more sense than an old woman right now," said the host, ad-dressing his wife. "Our twenty-eight dressing his wife. year old daughter that married last month ain't a patchin' to this girl." "W'y, Jesperson," said his wife, in mild censure, 'Margaret ain't twenty-eight years old."

ne's mighty nigh it." "An' besides that," continued the woman, "she n ver had a chance." "Didn't go to school three months outen nearly every year, eh? What show does a gal want, I'd like to know? This little creetur, I warrant you never

has been to school.' "Oh, yes, sir. My whole life has been a school. The old house where I used to live contains many books. If you want them you may go there and get them. I shall never go after them. I could never read them again.

"Well, blast my buttons if I don't mosy up that way. I ain't much of a scholar, but I reckon I can worry through with a lot of them.'

My mother welcomed Munette, and when I related the sad story of how I found her, the sympathetic woman took the child in her arms and kissed her. A few days afterwards, when I returned home after a short absence, she flashed upon me in a gay red dress She was more of a child than I had ever seen-more so than I had thought it possible for her to become. My mother was delighted to see her innocent pranks, and I, for the first time, kissed the child. "You have kissed me at last," she

"Is it because I look better in this dress?" "It is because you look more like a child. Before, you reminded me so

much of a woman. "Do not women like to be kissed?" I laughed and my mother, shaking her head-I can see her gray hairs now -said: "Ah, Ambrose, our young girl has a very old head."

We sent Munette to school. The teacher, a man who had the reputation of being profound, met me one day and "Look here, Munette is the most remarkable child I ever saw. She has

read so many books and makes me such wise observations that I am constantly surprised. To tell you the truth, I cannot advance her. Not that I am not intellectually able—ahem—but er because I do not think that at her age it would be safe. Therefore I would advise you to take her from school. I know the effect that too much learning has on youth. I know how narrowly I escaped."

When I spoke to Munette, she said, That school is a very dull place. It is a constant hum of arithmetic. I don't like to cipher, as the children call it. cellaneous examples make me sick. Let me study at home."

I took her from school. She was a devoted student, but was never so ab sorbed that she was oblivious to the little attentions which a woman of my mother's age prizes so highly. Munette grew rapidly and I was pleased to see that she was daily becoming more

CHAPTER III.

The war came on. How natural it is, in writing a story, to say "The war came on:" but this is not a story, and nothing can be more natural than truth-although it is said to be stranger than fiction. Therefore, when I say that the war came on, I intend that the declaration should have its full meaning. I left home full of pride. I was a captain. My mother prayed; but Mu-nette did not seem to be affected. "Good bye," she said. "War is one of the incidents of civilization, as well as a feature of barbarity. I know that you will do your duty, and that you will not forget the little girl whom you once saw sobbing under the hand of s dying man. When you return, I shall

be old enough to kiss you. I looked at her in astonishment Merriment sparkled in her eyes. "You don't like to kiss children, it seems.' "Munette, you are strange. I once said that I did not kiss you because you

looked like a woman. "Oh, yes, that is true. I thought that you did not want to kiss me because I was so small. There now, captain, don't swell up like a toad.' I turned away. She called me, when I was about a hundred yards away and said: "When you pass the big gate,

look on the right hand post." I did so and found the words, "I love Under this I wrote, "And I love you." I did not receive but one letter from Munette, and that might just as well

have been written by a professor of geology, for its four pages were devoted to a description of a lot of pebbles she had found in a cave. I returned home ragged and ill. Munette was delighted to see me. She was so peculiar, though that I could not tell

whether or not she still loved me. It seemed that she did not, for whenever I attempted to remind her of it, she changed the subject. Like all true lovers. I felt that without her my life would be a blank. I spoke to my mother concerning my trouble. "She is a very strange girl, but I always found her frank except when I

asked her if she loved you, and she replied that the hawks had carried off three of the dominieker hen's chick-One day, in passing the big gate, I

wrote on the post the following:

"Will you marry me?" Two days afterwards I visited the place and found the word "yes."
Without further communication, except to appoint the time by "Post," we

tensity of her love for me. "Why did you treat me so?" I one day asked her. "The dominicker has a great deal of trouble with her chickens," she replied. Shortly afterwards, when she thought that I was not looking, she threw back her head and laughed. — Arkansaw

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

The Various Uses to Which They May be

Traveler.

Old newspapers are of more use than would appear at a first glance. We subscribe to the daily newspapers because we must be informed on all the affairs of the day. Then many think the next thing is to relegate them to the kitchen in order to provide kindling for the household fires, and it must be confessed that Bridget makes very free use of them in that way.

But they serve so many excellent purposes besides that it seems a pity to let Bridget have full sway, though she may try to convince you that it is impossible to get the breakfast without even using those of the very latest date. It has been several times suggested

by economists that newspapers can be made to take the place of blankets in guarding from cold, and it is a fact well worthy of notice that they have been proved very satisfactory in mak-ing light, convenient, and warm bed coverings when others can not be had. Travelers would do well to bear this in mind when far from the region of hotels, and not throw their paper out of the car window, or leave it on their seat in changing cars, for there is no telling how useful it may prove in some emergency to ward off cold. As a preventive of that fatal disease, pneumonia, a folded newspaper laid beneath the outer clothing across the chest is said to be infallible.

This has been confirmed to the writer by the testimony of an individual whose avocations kept him constantly exposed to all weathers, night and day. He was a resident of a country village, a perfect type of a hearty, strong, vigorous man, and he accounted for his robust health, notwithstanding his exposures, by saying that, although inheriting consumptive tendencies, he had been able to resist them through the simple precaution of always wearing a newspaper folded over his chest under his cont.

As a preventive of cold feet, a piece of newspaper folded in the sole is quite equal to, if not so elegant or so exensive as cork or lamb-skin soles, being light, soft, and easily renewed? If you wish to test the power of a newspaper in excluding cold, try tack-

ing one, doubly folded, between your window and your stand of plants, and see how nicely they will be protected, and how frosty the window will consequently be.

Newspapers will in the autumn, before severe black frosts come on, effectually protect greenhouse plants, before you take them up, from cold and wind. The writer remembers once driving up about dusk to a country place and being startled at seeing what looked like a platoon of ghosts drawn up in white array before the house, which turned out to be, on closer inspection, rows of tender plants all tied up in newspapers to protect them from the n frosts incident to the season that in one night might cut them ai We have known tomato plants down. protected in the same way, and to ripen in the open garden much longer by this inexpensive, easy precaution within everyone's reach. Old newspapers are admirable as

spread under Kansington squares, re-taining all the dust, which neither remains in the carpet nor sifts through to the floor; they can be so easily removed that it is a great saving to use them in this way, especially as, the equally serviceable for kindling pur-poses afterward, so can do double duty esides the legitimate one of heralding the news of the day. Weather strips are now almost uni-

floor coverings under carpets, or even

versal, as well as double windows, for securing warm rooms; but where, as it is the case in some old-fashioned country houses, they are not procurable, newspapers can supply the deficiency very well by being cut in long strips, neatly folded over, and stuffed in the interstices, and so most effectually exclude the cold outer air.

Old newspapers are excellent to clean windows with. Slightly damped, then rubbed till clear, they serve the purpose much better than even linen cloth, for there is no lint to rub off. Newspapers wrapped around the feet

under the stockings are an effectual protection against mosquitoes as, with all their virulence, they can not bite through paper. Old newspapers are faithful mirrors

of the past. As they increase in age the very advertisements become curious. Therefore, those who have no use for the modern newspapers in all the various ways we have pointed out must find intellectual profit in storing them away till the time when some circomstance may drag them forth from their long-forgotten hiding-places to claim an interest in human eyes which perhaps they never had to such an ex-

Illustrated papers are very useful in adorning the walls of rooms, covering up unsightly wallpaper or obnoxious holes, the delight of children as well as their instructors, affording gleams of cheerfulness and pleasure in else gloomy apartments. They are of such infinite variety, too, with their lovely illustrations of poems, natural history, and comic sketches, as well as por-traits of beauties and notabilities, that traits of beauties and notabilities, they continually educate the public taste and give the impecunions a glimpse of real art they can not else afford-Harpers' Bazar.

Southern Lumber.

Southern lumber is becoming an object of increased attention. Pine and

cypress are plenty. Cypress is almost as strong and durable as cedar, and is much used in railroad construction in the south. But the wealth of timber in which the south is especially favored is its hardwood forests. These timbers for all purposes, from the building of a ship down to the handles of small edge tools, are not surpassed, if equaled, anywhere in the world. By actual test, the white oak and hickory is capable of 331 more resistance than the hickory and white oak of the north. The reason for this is its longer period of growth. The ash of the south is a favorite for agricultural implements and railroad cars. The southern wal nut is in very active demand. Poplar is much used for furniture. swamp red sweetgum is also valuable, but little known. - Atlanta Constitu tion.

Oscar Wilde defines fashion in dress as a form of ugliness so unbearable that we have to alter it every six months. Egyptian dress lasted for 2,000 years, and Greek dress nearly 1,000 years, and wherever dress has been beautiful and rational it has lasted for a long time. The texture and color may have altered, but the dress has remained the same. As to style, he has seen a bonnet composed of nothing but a studed bird alighting on a piece of tulle. That did not strike one as very sensible material of which to make a headdress in a climate such as ours. On a Paris fashion-plate he had seen under a bonnet of the stuffedbird-and-tulle school a note to this efwere married. I did not find her dis- feet: "With this kind of bonnet the position to be peculiar, only in the in- mouth is worn slightly open."

Dr. Carson's Nerve Tonic,

→>*FOR MEN.*

This medicine has been used by me in my practice for many years, for the treatment of Nervous Prostration, Absent Mindedness, Mental Derangement, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all affections of the Kidneys and Generative Organs, with the most grafifying results. I have never lost a patient who used it, but it has their days in innatic asylums or have sunk into premainre graves. am now giving up the active practice of medicine, and desire to place this TONIC where it will do the most giving up the active practice pill form, so as to send it through the mail in plain wrappers, free from observation, to all parts of the world. Hundreds of testimonials of positive curves of cases which have empronounced "incurable," are now in my office, which were accomprished solely by the use of the NERVE TONIC. A large and varied experimently than this. Every form of Nervous Weakness, especially that this Generative Organs, such as Spermatortheca, Prostatorrheca, impotency, etc., is completely cured just of the Generative Organs, such as spermatortheca, Prostatorrheca impotency etc., is completely cured just, and often by a single box. Below is an indorsement of it by the distinguished editor of Haarm and Hous, Dr. Hale, who knows of its virtues by having used it so successfully in his own large and incretive practice.

SINCLE BOX, \$1.00; SIX BOXES, \$5.00.

Address DR. CARSON, 728 Twelfth Street, Washington, D. C. We have known Dr. Carson for several years, and we know what he states in the above advertisement to be literally true; in fact, in our own hands the Tomic has done much more than the Doctor claims for it. He w. H. Halle, M. D. .

Editor Halle, M. D. .

Editor Halle, M. D. .

1 dele in sussime or water RICHMOND PINKS Purples and "Quaker Styles" perfectly fast and reliable. FOR SALE BY ALL DRY GOODS DEALERS.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure

This medicine, combining Iron with pure tegrable tonics, quickly and completely Curca Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Maiarin, Chilia and Fevera, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

ens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Hade only by REOW'S CHENICAL CO., BALTINGRE, HD.

The formula by which Mishler's Herb Bitters is compounded is over two hundred years old, and of German origin. The entire range of proprietary medicines cannot produce a preparation that enjous so high a reputation in the community

where it is made as It is the best remedy for Kidney and

tion, Malaria, Periodical Complaints, etc. As a Blood Purifler. it has no equal. It tones the system, strengthening, invigorating and giving The late Judge Hayes, of Lancaster Co., Pa., an able juriet and an honored citizen, once wrote:

Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Cramp in the Stomach, Indiges-

"Mismore Herb Ditters is very watery known, and has acquired a great reputation for medicinal and curative properties. I have used myself and in my family several bottles, and I am satisfied that the reputation is not unmerited." MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., 525 Commerce St., Philadelphia.



CORSETS

CONSTIPATION!

There is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by Constipation, and there is no other ill flesh is heir to more apt to be neglected, from the fact material inconvenience may not be immediately felt from irregular action of the bowels. When there is not regular action the retention of decayed and effete matter, with its poisonous gases, soon poisons the whole system by being absorbed into it, causing piles, fistula, headache, impure blood and many other serious affections. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will immediately relieve, and one bottle positively cure or relieve any case of Constipation.

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NOTICE TO EASTERN ADVERTISERS

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 6.

For Water Works Trustee:

Jos ph Harrison, Jan es Buford, John M. Stewart

For Constables: Louis Brown, Thomas J. Jewett. For Clerk:

Jack Frost was ahead of the Newspaper

Miss Sullie McLean says that she is the

The Akcon Bencon still flies the Blain and Logan dag. There is nothing like specing to a thing, through thick and

"tath" proposes to travel as a drummer

after them for a good while. "As a matter of fact," the New York Tribune says, "the revised translation of the Bible will not be issued for several

the Toledo Commercial Telegram: Judge George K. Nash has recently move

The New York Newsdealer and Stationer tells of the well-deserved prosperity which we may "point with pride." And

leading super of the R publican party.

number of copybook ephorisms.